6 PART MINI-SERIES

# SON OF AMBUSH BUG

2
AUG. 86

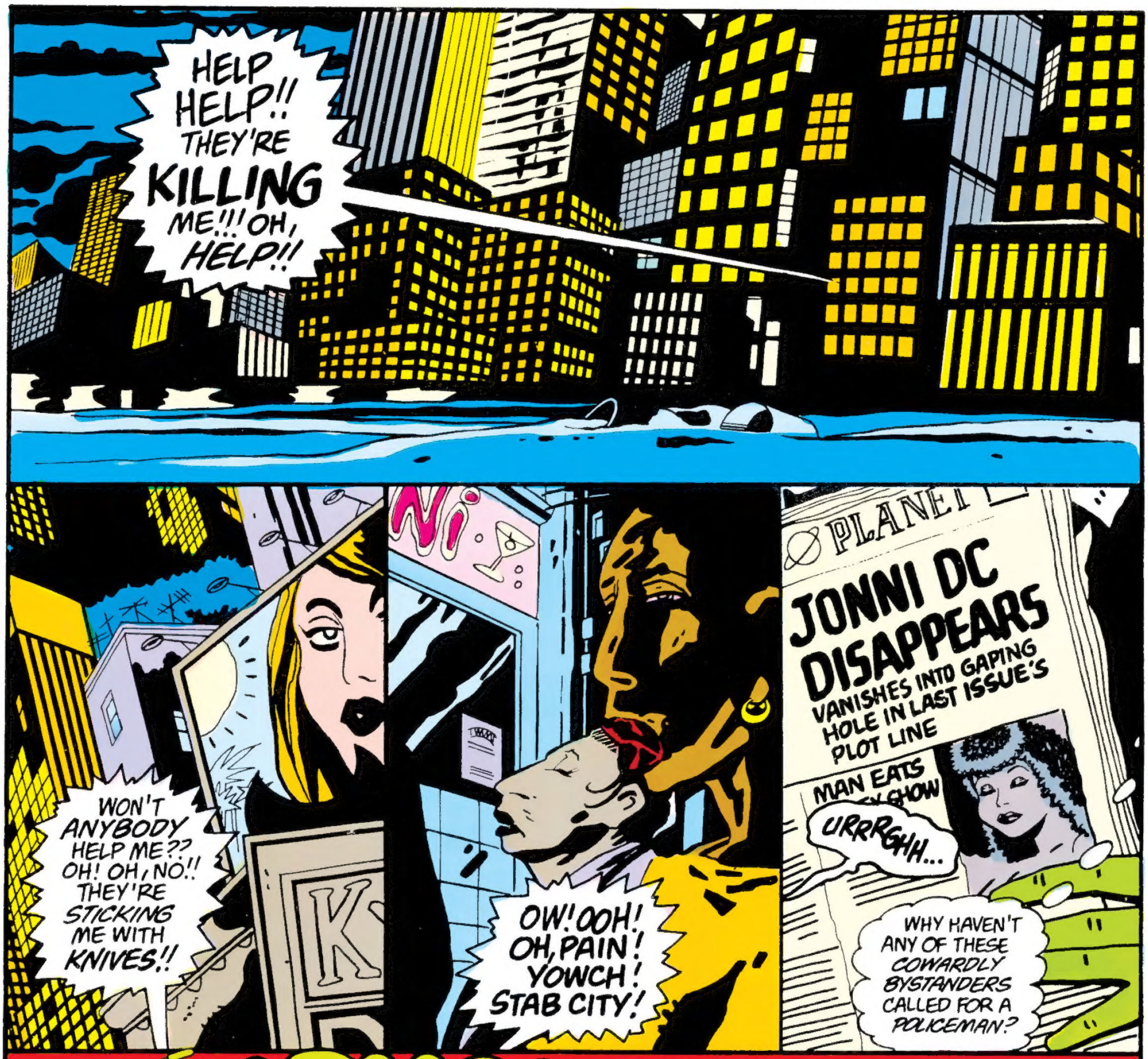
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

I KNEW I SHOULDA TAKEN THAT LEFT TURN AT ALBUQUERQUE!

ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE!

NO SOLICITING

GIFFEN
OKSNER


HELP HELP!! THEY'RE KILLING ME!!! OH, HELP!!
WON'T ANYBODY HELP ME?? OH! OH, NO!! THEY'RE STICKING ME WITH KNIVES!!
OW! OOH! OH, PAIN! YOWCH! STAB CITY!
PLANET
JONNI DC DISAPPEARS
VANISHES INTO GAPING HOLE IN LAST ISSUE'S PLOT LINE
MAN EATS
URRRGHH...
WHY HAVEN'T ANY OF THESE COWARDLY BYSTANDERS CALLED FOR A POLICEMAN?

# "AMBUSH BUG IN "HELL AGAIN HELL AGAIN, JIGGETY JIG"

S-4777

| KINETIC | RIOTOUS | BEAMING | TOO TALL | JAZZY | JOVIAL |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| KEITH GIFFEN • CREATOR • PLOTTER • PENCILLER | ROBERT LOREN FLEMING • SCRIPTER | BOB OKSNER • INKER | TONY TOLLIN • COLORIST | JOHN COSTANZA • LETTERER | JULIUS SCHWARTZ • EDITOR |

TAXI, MA'AM?

PLEASE.

YOU DON'T STRIKE ME AS A TYPICAL NEW YORK CABBIE.

I'M FROM JERSEY.

THERE HE GOES WITH *TINA*. I GUESS WE'VE SEEN THE *LAST* OF HIM.

OUCH! QUIT FLEXING YOUR **TOES!!**

Y'SEE, I'M NOT *REALLY* A CAB DRIVER. I ONLY *TOOK* THIS JOB SO I COULD EARN SOME MUCH-NEEDED *CASH* WHILE I SEARCH FOR MY *LITTLE BOY*.

HOM

HAVE *YOU* SEEN HIM, LADY?

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHILD?

NO. I'M SORRY, I HAVEN'T.

AW, WHO'M I *KIDDING*? I'M *NEVER* GOING TO FIND CHEEKS IN THIS *BIG IMPERSONAL CITY!* IT'S EVERY MAN FOR *HIMSELF* HERE! DOG EAT *DOG!*

AND HAVE YOU CHECKED OUT THE PRICE OF *GROUND BEEF* LATELY?

I KIND OF *LIKE* HIM. DO WE *HAVE* TO EXPLODE?

DON'T *START* WITH ME. I ALREADY TRIGGERED MY *INSTEP!*

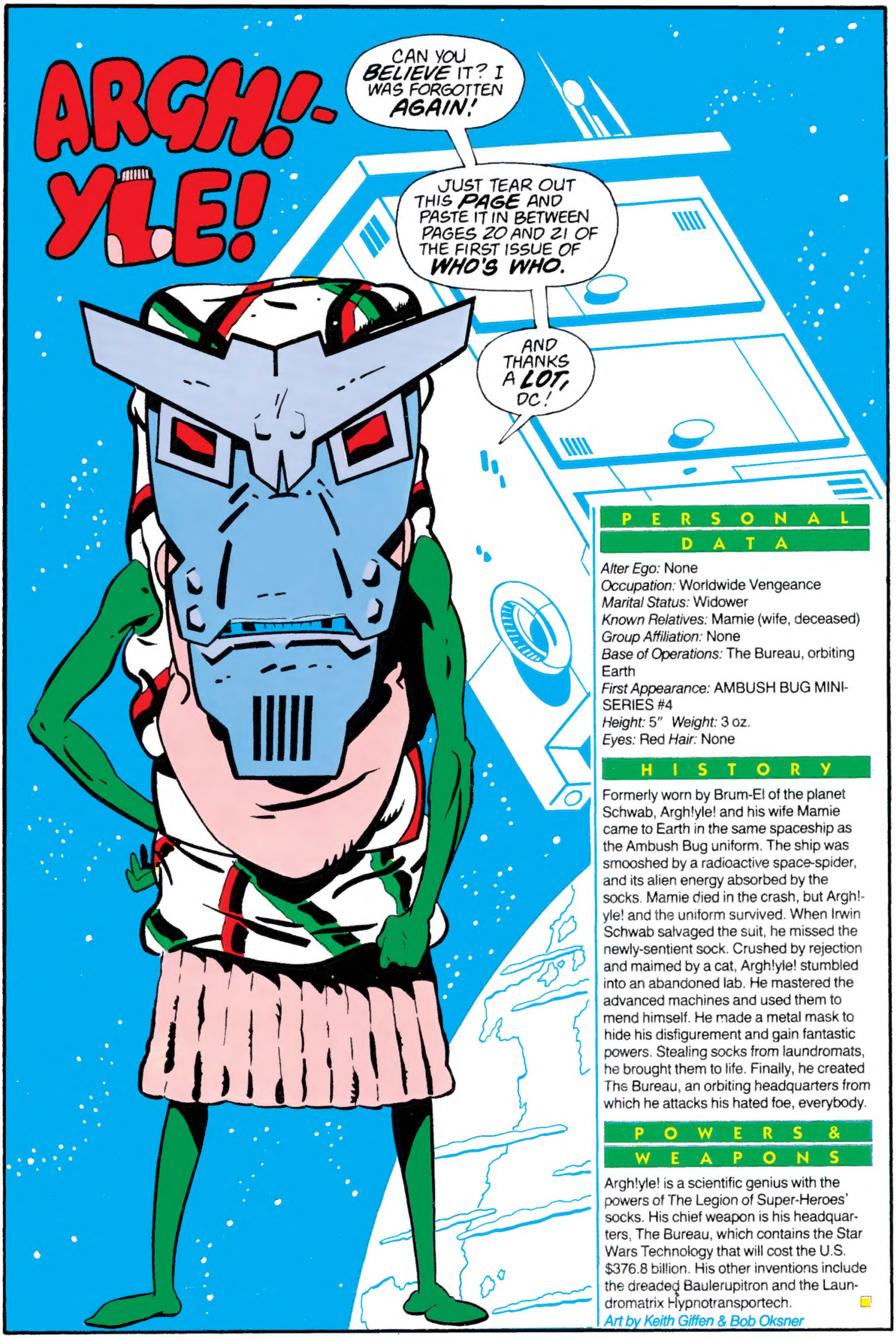
TICK TICK

TICK TICK

MA'AM? ARE YOU BY ANY CHANCE WEARING A *PACEMAKER?*

KA-

**BOOM**


ARGH!-YLE!
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? I WAS FORGOTTEN AGAIN!
JUST TEAR OUT THIS PAGE AND PASTE IT IN BETWEEN PAGES 20 AND 21 OF THE FIRST ISSUE OF WHO'S WHO.
AND THANKS A LOT, DC!

## PERSONAL DATA

*Alter Ego:* None
*Occupation:* Worldwide Vengeance
*Marital Status:* Widower
*Known Relatives:* Mamie (wife, deceased)
*Group Affiliation:* None
*Base of Operations:* The Bureau, orbiting Earth
*First Appearance:* AMBUSH BUG MINI-SERIES #4
*Height:* 5" *Weight:* 3 oz.
*Eyes:* Red *Hair:* None

## HISTORY

Formerly worn by Brum-El of the planet Schwab, Argh!yle! and his wife Mamie came to Earth in the same spaceship as the Ambush Bug uniform. The ship was smooshed by a radioactive space-spider, and its alien energy absorbed by the socks. Mamie died in the crash, but Argh!-yle! and the uniform survived. When Irwin Schwab salvaged the suit, he missed the newly-sentient sock. Crushed by rejection and maimed by a cat, Argh!yle! stumbled into an abandoned lab. He mastered the advanced machines and used them to mend himself. He made a metal mask to hide his disfigurement and gain fantastic powers. Stealing socks from laundromats, he brought them to life. Finally, he created The Bureau, an orbiting headquarters from which he attacks his hated foe, everybody.

## POWERS & WEAPONS

Argh!yle! is a scientific genius with the powers of The Legion of Super-Heroes' socks. His chief weapon is his headquarters, The Bureau, which contains the Star Wars Technology that will cost the U.S. $376.8 billion. His other inventions include the dreaded Baulerupitron and the Laundromatrix Hypnotransportech.

*Art by Keith Giffen & Bob Oksner*

MUCH LATER...

WHEEE

# SPACE BUG

JOWP!! JOWP!! THEY'RE KRELLING ME!!! OH, JOWP!!

WON'T ANYENTITY JOWP ME?? OH!! OH, NO!! THEY'RE CREPAXING ME WITH GELBERS!!

OW! OOH! OH, PAIN! YOWCH! STAB QUADRANT!

BOY! MY YEARS AS EDITOR OF "*PSEUDO-SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE*" SURE PAID OFF! WAIT UNTIL *JULIE* SEES HOW I'VE RE-EDITED PAGES ONE AND TWO OF THIS *MAG*!

WOW! COSMIC!

TRANSVEK, MA'AM?

PERSKY.

YOU DON'T BLIZBEK ME AS A TYPICAL VENTURI TRANS-VEK KLON.

I'M FROM KRYPTON.

THERE HE SHLOMAKS VEC TINA. I. POODUNK WE'VE JOO-JOOED THE LAST OF HIM.

ARP! STOP FARKING YOUR ZIMS!

GLIMMER, I'M NOT REALLY A TRANSVEK KLON. I ONLY SHOOPED THIS HORDUNK SO I COULD MOO SOME MUCH-MECKED DRAK WHILE I REBOED MY LITTLE ZUD.

HAVE YOU JOO-JOOED HIM, KARPA?

NO, I'M GREBOR, I HAVEN'T.

OCK! WHO AM I POIDING? I'M NOOCHY GOING TO REBO CHEEKS IN THIS GLOB, PRESKORTZICAN QUADRANT! IT'S EVERY SKAZ FOR HIMSELF HERE! WAK EAT WAK!

AND HAVE YOU KARFAXED THE KLEMNER OF CHIPPIED CHUD LATELY?

I KIND OF GORBAX HIM. DO WE HAVE TO BLIMBLAM?

DON'T PLIK WITH ME. I ALREADY KLUKLAWED MY KEMPAW!

ZAK ZAK

ZAK ZAK ZAK

MA'AM? ARE YOU BY ANY TOOP CLACKING A FUMKADIDDLE?

MOOBAK!

ISAAC ASIMOV, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!

:WHEW: THAT WAS A *CLOSE CALL.*

SINCE I'M THE ONLY CHARACTER IN THE *DC UNIVERSE* TO KNOW THAT I'M IN A *COMIC BOOK*, I'M ALSO THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN ESCAPE FROM THE INTERFERER'S *TWISTED LITTLE FANTASIES.*

BUT WHERE THE HECK *AM* I?

THIS CAN'T BE THE *GOBBLEDYGOOK GALAXY*, BECAUSE I'M SPEAKING *PERFECT ENGLISH.*

WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN *MYSELF* INTO *NOW?* IT'S *FREEZING COLD* IN HERE!

SHEESH! I CAN'T EVEN FEEL MY *ARMS* OR *LEGS!* AND THAT CREEPY *ORGAN MUSIC* IS DRIVING ME *NUTS!*

WELL, I'M *NOT* GOING TO TAKE THIS LYING *DOWN!* I'M GETTING *OUT* OF THIS MORGUE!

TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP

CREAK

HEY! A *DOOR!* *THAT* MUST BE THE WAY *OUT* OF HERE!

GANGWAY! GANGWAY! HOLD THE *DOOR!!*

TAP-TAP TAP-TAP TAP-TAP TAP-TAP TAP-TAP TAP-TAP TAP-TAP

HELLO?

HEY... WHAT *IS* THIS?

*IT'S THAT L'IL OL' NETHER WORLD...*

*HELL*

YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.

KIDDING ME

KIDDING ME

KIDDING ME

KIDDING ME

KIDDING ME

HMM. GUESS NOT.

YE'VE GONE AN' DONE IT NOW, HAVEN'T YE? GOTTEN YERSELF KILLED, Y'HAVE!

UH... WELL... GEE, OLD-TIMER, CAN YOU HELP ME OUT OF THIS MESS? THERE'S FIVE BUCKS IN IT FOR YOU.

FIVE BUCKS?

FIVE BUCKS!?!

AS YER GUARDIAN ANGEL, I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M NOT BUSTED DOWN TO CHERUB FER THIS!

Y'WERE ALWAYS A ROTTEN LITTLE STINKER! I ALWAYS SAID SO!

I'M GLAD TO BE RID OF YA!

GOSH... I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY.

IT FELT GOOD TA FINALLY GET IT OFF ME CHEST. I'M SICK TO DEATH OF YA! ABSOLUTELY HATE YA! I--

OKAY! OKAY! I GET THE PICTURE!

SO WHAT DO I DO NOW?

YOU GO TO HELL!

YOU WANT TO SHOW ME THE WAY?

I'D BE DELIGHTED!

I THOUGHT SO.

THE ENTRANCE IS RIGHT OVER THERE. MIND THE PUDDLES OF BRIMSTONE.

YOU EVER BEEN DOWN THERE YOURSELF? I WAS WONDERING WHAT TO EXPECT.

I WAS S'POSED TA GO, BUT ME BROTHER-IN-LAW WAS PART OF THE HEAVENLY HOST AN' HE GOT ME A PLEA BARGAIN TO PURGATORY.

NICE.

SO LONG, SUCKER.

WATCH THAT FIRST STEP. IT'S A DOOZY.

DIDJA EVER HAVE ONE OF THOSE DAYS WHEN NOTHING SEEMS TO GO *RIGHT?*

I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL GET *DOWN* THERE AND SEE WHAT THIS HELL THING IS ALL *ABOUT.*

IT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH I HAVE TO GO AND SUDDENLY *DIE*... I *ALSO* GET SENT TO THE *FIERY PIT!*

I MEAN, ISN'T THAT ALWAYS THE *WAY?*

YOU WORK HARD ALL YOUR *LIFE*, OBEY MOST OF THE *LAWS*, AND WHAT DO YOU GET FOR YOUR *TROUBLE?*

A ONE-WAY TICKET TO *ETERNAL TORMENT*, THAT'S WHAT!

I *ASK* YOU, IS THAT *FAIR?*

I'D LIKE TO REGISTER A *COMPLAINT*...

YEAH, YOU AND THE *REST* OF THE HORDES. SIDDOWN AND ANSWER THESE *QUESTIONS.*

HAVE YOU BEEN HERE *BEFORE?*

NO.

DO YOU HAVE *RELATIVES* HERE?

NO!

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CONVICTED ON ANY *INTERNATIONAL* COUNTS?

...UMM...

LOOK. I *LIKE* YOU. YOU'RE... CUTE.

WHAT *ABOUT* IT?

SO MAYBE YOU COULD *TAKE PITY* ON ME, LADY. WE COULD BE... *FRIENDS* OR SOMETHING.

I'M *SORRY*, SIR, BUT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO SOCIALIZE WITH THE *DAMNED.*

APPROXIMATELY HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU TAKEN THE LORD'S NAME IN VAIN IN THE LAST 23 YEARS?

HAVE YOU EVER SERVED IN THE U.S. MILITARY?

IF SO, HAVE YOU BEEN PRESENT AT OR PARTICIPATED IN ANY MASSACRES?

PLEASE LIST YOUR MASSACRES STARTING WITH YOUR MOST RECENT AND WORKING BACK.

HAS THERE BEEN ANY INSANITY IN YOUR FAMILY?

WHAT WAS YOUR MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME? *(OPTIONAL)*

THAT'S IT. STEP THROUGH THAT DOOR AND TAKE A SEAT.

DID I DO OKAY?

YOU'VE BEEN VERY *HELPFUL*. NOW GET THROUGH THAT *DOOR* BEFORE I CALL THE *SPECTRAL HOUNDS.*

THE SPECTRAL HOUNDS?

TEN SECONDS, MISTER BUG.

HUH? WHAT? TEN SECONDS? WHY AM I IN THIS GREEN ROOM? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

YOU'RE ON, MISTER BUG.

ON WHERE? DOING WHAT? HAVE I GOT THE RIGHT TO MAKE A PHONE CALL?

OH, WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING.

AND HERE HE IS, APPEARING DEAD FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME! WE GIVE YOU THE AMBUSH BUG!

METROPOLIS!! MET-TROP-POL-LIS!!!

WIGGLE YER ANTLERS!!

TAKE IT OFF!

PUT IT ON!

HAHAHAHA!! OH, YES! OH, YES! HAHAHAHA!!

IT CAN'T BE...

...NOT THIS...

...ANYTHING BUT THIS...

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GERMS.

HEY, I JUST FLEW IN FROM L.A. AND, BOY, ARE MY ARMS TIRED...

BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS...

NOT STAND-UP COMEDY!!!

FIRST DISTRICT CRIMINAL COURT
★ 1/2
"A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE"
--CLIVE BARNES

YOU'VE BEEN BROUGHT HERE ON A VERY SERIOUS *CHARGE*, MISTER BUG.

HA.

WHAT 'RE YOU GOING TO *DO*, TAKE AWAY MY *ICE WATER PRIVILEGES*?

YOU KNOW *VERY WELL* THAT IT'S *AGAINST THE LAW* TO MENTION ICE WATER IN *HELL*!

MMM. ICE WATER.

FOR *THAT*, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ADD ON TO YOUR *ALREADY HEAVY* SENTENCE.

JUST DON'T MAKE ME DO *STAND-UP COMEDY*, JUDGE. I DON'T *WANT* TO END UP LIKE ED *MCMAHON*!

**SHUT UP!!**

MISTER, WHEN I'M *DONE* WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE *BEGGING* FOR THE CHANCE TO PLAY IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE! I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU--

--TO DANCE THE JITTERBUG WITH **FAT PEOPLE**... FOR ALL **ETERNITY!!**

YA *HOYD* THE MAN, MISTAH. LET'S GO.

THE *JITTER-BUG*? BUT *THAT* DOESN'T SOUND SO BAD.

BOOM BOOM BOOM

BOOM BOOM BADOOOM

BOOM BOOM BOOM

BOOM BOOM BADOOM

DIDJA HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE--OOH!! OW!!-- FARMER'S DAUGHTER?

CAN YOU **STAND** IT, KIDS?? WILL AMBUSH BUG FINALLY **SHAKE** IT OR WILL HE **BREAK** IT? WILL HE **EVER** ESCAPE FROM THE DANCE FLOOR OF **DEATH**? AND NOW THAT THE BUG HAS **DIED** AND GONE TO **HELL**, WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO LITTLE--

BRAIN ROTTING BATTLE ACTION !!!?

# COMBAT CHEEKS

FRONTLINE MEDIC

TAKE 10¢ SOLDIER

HEY, HIMMLER! DID I EVER TELL YA ABOUT THE TIME MY G.I. INVADED YOUR OCCUPIED TERRITORY?

JA! ONLY VUN HUNDRED TIMES! BUT I AM REMINDED OF THE MARCH INTO AUSTRIA...

UND THEN THERE WAS THE GLORIOUS VICTORY IN FRANCE...

READ! "THE TALKING HELMETS OF HITLER!"

"I'LL NEVER FORGET MY FIRST DAY WITH THE 22nd INFANTRY. I WAS THE ROOKIE, WET BEHIND THE EARS, GREEN AS THEY COME, BASHFUL AS A BRIDE, CUTE AS A CUCUMBER.

"I WAS THE BUTT OF EVERY G.I. JOKE. I TRIPPED OVER MY OWN RIFLE. I CHIPPED MY TEETH ON GRENADE PINS. ALL THE DOGFACES LAUGHED WHEN I SAT ON THE LANDMINE.

"THE ONLY JOE IN MY OUTFIT TO TREAT ME WITH ANY RESPECT WAS THE MEDIC. HE NEVER LAUGHED AT ME OR CALLED ME NAMES. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE WE FELL DEEPLY IN LOVE.

"BUT THE BATTLEFIELD WAS NO PLACE FOR ROMANCE. GUNSHOTS AREN'T GARDENIAS AND SHRAPNEL ISN'T SUNLIGHT. K-RATIONS AREN'T CANDY, EITHER, I CAN ASSURE YOU. TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.

"THE WAR DRAGGED ON AND SO DID I, ALIVE BUT STILL GREEN. ALL THE MEN FROM MY ORIGINAL SQUAD WERE LONG DEAD. I COULD HEAR THEIR VOICES CALLING TO ME OVER THE ARTILLERY FIRE.

"'ROOKIE!' MY OLD CHUMS CRIED. 'PANSY FACE!' THEY SCREAMED. AND I HEARD THEM YELL OTHER CRUEL NAMES, SUCH AS 'WHIPPING BOY' AND 'CREAM PUFF' AND 'MELLOW YELLOW.'

"I VOWED THEN AND THERE TO PROVE MY MANHOOD ON THOSE FIELDS OF BATTLE. I WOULD DO IT FOR MY DEAD BUDDIES AND FOR MY BRAVE MEDICAL MAN AND FOR MY MOM, WHO WAS WITH THE 33d AIRBORNE.

"A WEEK LATER I WAS KILLED WHILE WADING INTO THE ENEMY FORCES ON THE SHORES OF NORMANDY BEACH. I DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN; BEFORE I WENT DOWN, I WAS ABLE TO TAKE OUT THE WINDSHIELD OF A GERMAN TRANSPORT. THEY'D NEVER AGAIN USE THAT WINDSHIELD TO LOOK THROUGH AT BRAVE ALLIED TROOPS.

"THE LAST SIGHT THAT I SAW WAS THE FACE OF MY MEDIC. HE PLAYED IT COOL AND ACTED NONCHALANT, BUT I KNEW THAT HE WAS SECRETLY COMING APART INSIDE, BECAUSE HE WAS SO SHAKEN THAT HE TOTALLY FORGOT TO TREAT MY WOUNDS!"

MAKE WAR NO MORE!

LATER THAT MONTH...

GOITRUDE IS RIGHT, BUGSTER.

YOUSE IS VERY LIGHT ON YER FEET.

THANKS, STELLA.

IF I DON'T GET AWAY FROM THESE HEIFERS SOON, MY BRAINS ARE GONNA TAP DANCE RIGHT OUTTA MY EARS!

THERE HAS TO BE A WAY OUT OF THIS PLACE. I DON'T CARE IF I HAVE TO CROSS FLAMING MOUNTAINS! I DON'T CARE IF I HAVE TO FORD...

EXIT

...BURNING OCEANS?!

THAT'S FUNNY. FOR A MINUTE THERE I THOUGHT THAT DOOR WAS MARKED--

EXIT

EXIT

CLICK

HONK HONK BEEP BEEP

SCREEECH

HEY!! WATCH OUT!!

CLANK CLANK CLANK

GETCHA DAILY PLANET HERE! GETCHA DAILY PLANET!

WUMP!

OWOOGA!

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BADOOM!

MEOOOOW

WOOF! WOOF!

WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO DRIVE!

YER MOTHER, YA BUM!

FEETS, DON'T FAIL ME NOW.

A LOT OF SHOE LEATHER LATER...

WELL, I'M LOST AND COLD AND EXHAUSTED AND HUNGRY AND THIRSTY AND PENNILESS.

I DON'T HAVE ANYWHERE TO SPEND THE NIGHT, MY SON IS MISSING, MY HEART IS POUNDING, AND I'M LEGALLY DEAD.

BUT AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO DANCE THE JITTER-BUG!

HE SAID HE DON'T HAVE TO DANCE THE JITTERBUG.

SHUT UP! I'M REPORTING IN!

THIS IS SK-232 CALLING THE BUREAU. COME IN, BUREAU.

WE HAVE THE DECEASED IN SIGHT AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

SK-232 IS CALLING IN, MASTER. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US TELL HIM?

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

I PLANNED EVERYTHING SO CAREFULLY... DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL! THOSE THREE EXPLOSIONS HAD TO KILL HIM!

AMBUSH BUG IS **DEAD**, I'M TELLING YOU!! STONE COLD **DEAD!!!**

BUT... MASTER: SK-232 HAS SIGHTED THE... ER ...UMMM... CORPSE AND AWAITS INSTRUCTIONS.

YES, WELL, YOU JUST TELL 232 THAT HE OWES HIS LIFE TO ME! YOU'D ALL BE STILL SPINNING IN THE RINSE CYCLE IF NOT FOR MY GENIUS!! I CREATED YOU!!

YOU ARE MY PAWNS! MY CHATTLE! IS THAT UNDERSTOOD? IS THAT CRYSTAL CLEAR??

YES, O MASTER!

DIRTY RATTIN' FRAZZIN' BRATTIN'...

WHY OH WHY HAVE I BEEN CURSED WITH THIS NATURAL LEADERSHIP ABILITY??

AND NOW I SUPPOSE YOU WANT AN EXPLANATION!

ALL RIGHT! GET OFF MY BACK! I'LL DIVULGE MY MASTER PLAN!

THE MASTER PLAN OF... ARGH! YLE...

...ARCH ENEMY OF AMBUSH BUG!!!

"IT ALL BEGAN IN MY ORBITING SPACE-STATION, THE BUREAU. TOO MANY CREW MEMBERS IN TOO CRAMPED A PLACE FOR TOO LONG A TIME.

"THINGS WERE STARTING TO GET UGLY.

"THE PREVAILING ATMOSPHERE WAS NASTY AND WE ALL WORKED UNDER A CLOUD OF DISTRUST.

THINGS WERE REALLY ROTTEN AROUND HERE AND IT WAS UP TO ME AS LEADER TO CLEAR THE AIR.

I HOPE YOU'RE CATCHING ALL THESE CLEVER DOUBLE ENTENDRES.

AT LAST I SNIFFED OUT A SOLUTION...

TAP TAP TAP_

"...THE LAUNDROMATRIX HYPNOTRANSPORTECH!!"

SAY THAT AGAIN?

"THE LAUNDROMATRIX HYPNOTRANSPORTECH!!"

ZZZZZZZZZ

OH! THAT LAUNDROMATRIX HYPNOTRANSPORTECH! OF COURSE!

"IT NOT ONLY CLEANED MY CREW, IT EVEN GOT SOME OF THEM OUT FROM UNDER-FOOT!

"SOON MY SPECIALLY TREATED SOCKS WERE IN DRESSERS ALL ACROSS THE WORLD!

"...MY FOOT SOLDIERS!"

"AND THANKS TO THE LAUNDROMATRIX HYPNO-TRANSPORTECH, I'VE FINALLY BEEN ABLE TO BEAT THOSE OLD WASHDAY BLUES!

"AND TO WEAR ONE WAS TO BECOME ONE OF MY ARMY OF SLAVES...

VE-RY FUN-NY PUN! HA HA HA!

MY NEXT STEP WAS TO SEND MY FOOT SOLDIERS OUT TO MAKE AMBUSH BUG'S LIFE MISERABLE AND EVENTUALLY TO KILL HIM! AND THEY DID, I'M TELLING YOU! THEY DID THEY DID THEY DID THEY DID!

BUT YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! (COME THIS WAY.) YOU SEE, I WASN'T GOING TO BE SATISFIED UNTIL I HAD THE (WATCH THE STEP) WHOLE WORLD UNDER MY BOOT! (DUCK YOUR HEAD.)

SO I STARTED WORKING ON A FOLLOW-UP TO MY MASTER PLAN, AND IT'S ALMOST READY NOW!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS.

I SAID... THE FOLLOW-UP TO MY MASTER PLAN IS ALMOST READY NOW!!

-GULP-

YES, MASTER! ALMOST READY! ANY MINUTE NOW, REALLY!

THAT'S BETTER!! I WOULDN'T WANT ANY UNNECESSARY FOOT SHUFFLING TO DELAY MY GREATEST PLAN OF ALL...

...OPERATION BIG BOOT!!!

LET US NOW LEAVE THE BUREAU, DEAR READER, AS IT FLOATS IN ITS ORBIT OVER THE WORLD...

...AND INSTEAD TURN OUR ATTENTION TOWARD THAT PLANET, WITH ITS LUSH GREEN FORESTS, DEEP BLUE SEAS, SPARKLING POLAR ICECAPS...

...OZONE LAYER, COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!...

...AND THAT FRIENDLY LITTLE ISLAND IN THE SEA...

...JAPAN!

カ

シュッ

AW, POOP! I COULD SWEAR THAT THE LADY SAID THE CLEAVER'S PLACE WAS THE THIRD RIGHT AFTER THE MASSAGE PARLOR. HE'S THE ONLY ONE I CAN COUNT ON NOW TO HELP ME FIND--

OH, HELL.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
WASHINGTON MONUMENT
CAPITOL BUILDING
CHERRY TREE
GEORGE'S BUSH
BUILDING
STEPS
TREES
DUMMY
MAN
SIGN
TAXI
HYDRANT
CONFUSED
VACANT
UNCERTAIN
PERPLEXED
ANXIOUS
STOOPID
THIS WAY, YOU JERK.
TURN!
TURN!!
NO, NO, THIS IS THE LADIES' ROOM, PINHEAD.
THE ELE-VATOR'S BEHIND YOU.
SHEEEESH!
PRESS THE BUTTON, THAT'S A GOOD BOY.
DING!
LIFT THAT EYEBROW!
OPEN THAT EYE!
BUCK UP!
SMILE!
CHIN UP!
DROP DEAD!
YOU MUSSA BE MANA FROM AGENCY. YES?
I PREPARA THE PRESENTATION FA YOU. YES? YOU ARE ON-A TIME JUST LIKE THE BUTTON, YES?
SITTA YOURSELF DOWN AN'--YES?-- AN' I'LLA BEGINNA MA SPICH. PLEASE. MAKE-A -- YES?-- YOURSELF -- YES? COMFORTABLE.
YES?
THE MEAN PROBABILITY OF CITY TO CITY TELEPORTIVITY
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CLASSIFIED MATERIAL

YOU CAN DROP THE FUNNY ACCENT, PAL. I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH SUBTERFUGE. JUST GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT.

SAY, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? BLOW MY COVER? AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN?

YEAH, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE PLAYING A NERD WHO'S FAKING BEING SMART.

WELL, FORGET IT! IT WAS GIVING ME THE CREEPS. I WAS STARTING TO SEE ALL THESE STRANGE SIGNS.

SAYS YOU, BRAINLESS!

YOU SEE? SO LET'S JUST GET ON WITH IT.

THE MEAN PROBABILITY OF CITY TO CITY TELEPORTIVITY

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CLASSIFIED MATERIAL

OHH... ALL RIGHT. HERE'S THE FULL REPORT.

"THIS IS A SCRAP OF THE AMBUSH BUG UNIFORM THAT WE SCRAPED FROM THE DEMOLISHED TAXICAB.

AB-1

"HERE'S A SMALL PORTION OF THE STRANGE MATERIAL UNDER MAGNIFICATION.

AB-2

"AND HERE, UNDER EXTREME MAGNIFICATION, A CLEAR PATTERN EMERGES.

JOHNNY B. GOODE

"WE BELIEVE THAT THIS MICROSCOPIC CIRCUITRY SOMEHOW CONTAINS THE SECRET OF TELEPORTATION!

B.B. KING

"WE ALSO DISCOVERED THIS BIT OF ZIPPER, WHICH APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN STUCK.

AND DORIS DAY

"MOST MYSTERIOUS, HOWEVER, WAS THE RECOVERY OF THIS ARTIFACT AMONGST THE WRECKAGE.

GO FOR THE GOLD
BOOSTER GOLD

"WE HAVEN'T A CLUE AS TO HOW IT MIGHT TIE IN."

MATT BUGSBY

IN-A THE MEANTIME, WE CONTINUE OUR HOW YOU SAY? IN-A-VESTIGATIONS.

YES?

♪ YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN. ♫

1
TAKE A SPACE-WALK DURING THE METEOR SHOWER
2
TRY A SHORTCUT THROUGH A BLACK HOLE
3
CIRCLE BEAUTIFUL PLUTO FOR ALL ETERNITY
4
LOSE YOUR MARBLES ON MARS
5
WASTE AWAY ON A DESOLATE WORLD
6
BREATHE THE BURNING AIR OF ANTARES
7
FRY IN THE HEAT OF A SUPER-NOVA
8
EXPERIENCE THE MAGIC OF THE BIG BANG

YOU CAN PLAY:

# SPACE EXPLORER

IN YOUR OWN HOME!

(a) Just clip out the eight space cards pictured above.
(b) Paste or Scotch tape them to a cardboard backing.
(c) Deal the space cards to each player until all the cards have been dealt.
(d) Follow the directions on the faces of the cards to DETERMINE YOUR FATE!

EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE EEE

METROPOLIS HOSPITAL

★★★★½ "LEFT ME IN STITCHES" --CLIVE BARNES

PREP HIM!

HE'S PREPPED, DOCTOR!

SURGERY

WELL...PREP HIM AGAIN!!

SLAP THAT SHARP LITTLE KNIFE INTO MY HAND!!

SLAP

I LOVE WHEN SHE SLAPS THAT SHARP LITTLE KNIFE INTO MY HAND!

YEAH? MY FAVORITE PART IS WHEN SHE PATS THE SWEAT OFF MY FOREHEAD.

PAT THE SWEAT OFF MY FORE-HEAD, PLEASE!!

SUCTION HERE, NURSE!! AND SOME FOR THE PATIENT, PLEASE!!

;PSST: LET'S HURRY UP AND GET THIS OVER WITH. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS JOB.

I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN. I TOLD YOU TO HAVE THE HOSPITAL LAUNDRY GO EASY ON THE STARCH!

THERE!

TICK TICK TICK

TICK TICK TICK

NURSE, ARE YOU BY ANY CHANCE WEARING A PACE-MAKER?

TICK TICK TICK

NO, DOCTOR, BUT I DO HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT IS?

NO TIME FOR SURPRISES, IDA.

SLAP THAT SHARP LITTLE KNIFE INTO MY HAND!!

WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT THAT THE BUG'D SURVIVE TINA?

TOO STUPID TO DIE.

OH, WELL. IDA'LL GET HIM FOR SURE.

BLAM

NOBODY'S THAT STUPID.